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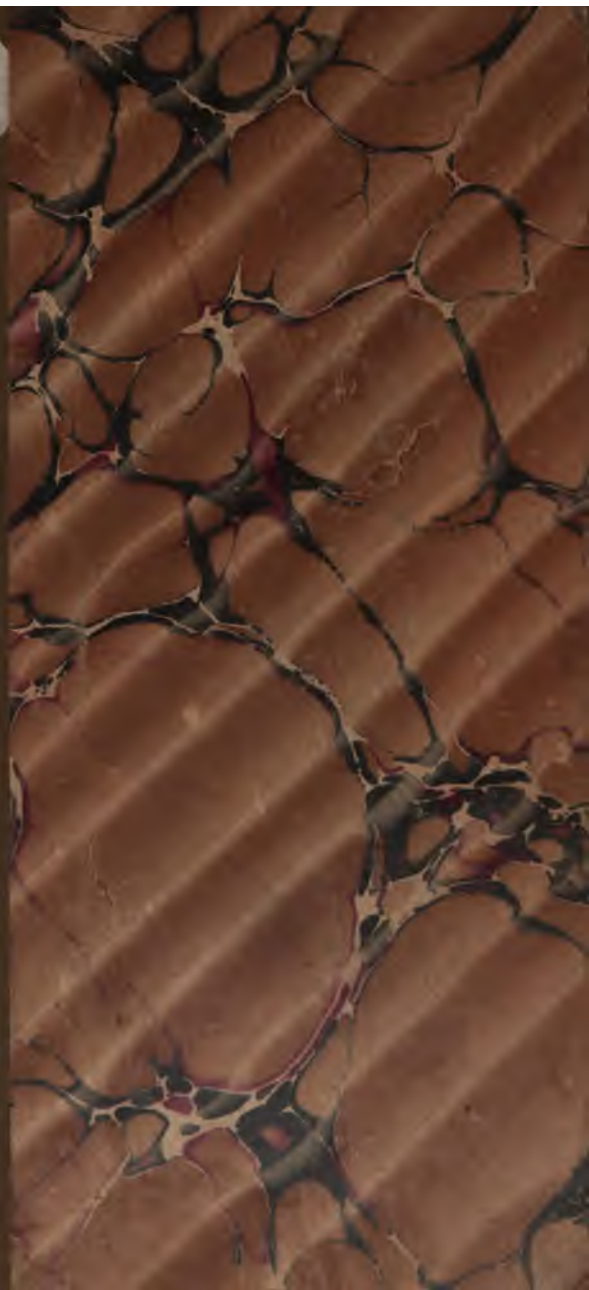
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Memoir of Louisa Maw. 1828



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**A MEMOIR**  
**OF**  
**LOUISA MAW,**  
**DAUGHTER OF**  
**THOMAS AND LUCY MAW,**  
**OF**  
**NEEDHAM MARKET, SUFFOLK;**  
**WHO DIED**  
**THE 16TH OF 3RD MONTH, 1828.**

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**YORK :**

**PRINTED BY W. ALEXANDER & SON, CASTLEGATE :**  
**SOLD ALSO BY**  
**HARVEY AND DARTON, WILLIAM DARTON, AND EDMUND FRY,**  
**LONDON ;**  
**R. PEART, BIRMINGHAM ; D. F. GARDINER, DUBLIN.**

**1828.**

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Reading Fund.

## Introduction.

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The following Memoir has been committed to the press, in compliance with the wishes of several dear and intimate friends of the deceased, who have cherished a hope, that it may prove encouraging to some under similar trials and privations, by the example it affords, of the power of religion to sustain the mind in the season of affliction. It may also convey a lesson of instruction to her young Christian friends, to see on *what ground* she stood, and what it was that supported her in the awful hour of dissolution; when it was unquestionably evident, to those who beheld her peaceful and humble reliance, on the Hope set before us in the Gospel, that her faith was founded on a Rock;—  
“and that Rock was CHRIST.”



Should the record of the means employed to alleviate the sufferings of a long and painful affliction, appear to some to be carried out too much into detail, it is hoped, that the length of the trial, and the peculiar nature of the case, will be a sufficient apology.

L. M.

## A MEMOIR, &c.

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LOUISA, daughter of Thomas and Lucy Maw, of Needham Market, was born the 1st of 10th month, 1806. She was, in infancy and childhood, lovely and engaging; possessing much of the vivacity and bloom of health, with a countenance indicative of intelligence; but it was soon evident that her constitution was of a delicate texture, requiring the benefit of regular treatment, with regard to food, exercise, &c. And with this advantage, she enjoyed, with the exception of one long illness, a pretty comfortable share of health, till soon after she had completed her fourteenth year; when, apparently induced by a slight accident, she became the subject of a long series of bodily infirmities. The left hip was first affected with pain, occasioned by inflammation of the ligament connecting the joint; for which the usual remedies were resorted to, and

she so far recovered from this attack, as to accompany her grandfather, Samuel Alexander, and her aunt, A. Maw, the following autumn, in a journey to Melksham, Bath, &c. an excursion which she much enjoyed; and her amiable and affectionate disposition gained her the love of those she visited; whilst her remarks, both in her letters to her parents, and after her return home, bespoke that she had been an attentive observer of all which fell within the range of her observation. Her youthful imagination was delighted with new scenes and objects; and the kindness of her friends made a lasting impression on her heart. She likewise manifested a discrimination almost beyond her years, in estimating the characters of those with whom she had associated; and spoke with great interest of the amiable qualities of some very estimable individuals.

Very soon after her return from this journey, which long afforded her gratification in the retrospect, she complained of increasing stiffness in her hip, as well as a pain in her back; and it was found, on examination, that her spine was considerably affected; in consequence of which, a very large blister was applied, with a hope that both the diseased parts would benefit by its operation; but the uncommon suffering it occasioned, for more than two weeks, was such that she had a dread of blisters

ever afterwards ; and her medical attendant thought it improper to resort to them, except when absolutely necessary, to guard against affection of the lungs : and even the smallest were quite an illness to her.

From this time our dear child was, by the advice of our own surgeon, and some of our friends who have had experience of similar cases, confined entirely to the horizontal posture. At first the confinement to one room and one position, was very irksome to her active disposition and habits ; few of her age having derived greater pleasure from rural walks, or the amusements of a garden : and she had been privileged with having ample scope for these indulgencies. She was also fond of early rising, and used to recommend it to the practice of her young friends : she was, however, at this trying period, favoured with the society of a friend a few years older than herself, who not only made it her study, but was remarkably qualified, both to solace and instruct her mind, and reconcile her, on religious grounds, to her allotment ; by which a foundation was laid for a friendship which proved one of her greatest comforts, during the remainder of her trial.

Amongst other devices, at this period, intended to cheer and divert her weary feelings, her father, in consequence of being one evening solicited by her

and the individual just mentioned, to write her a poetical address, presented to her the following lines, which, in reference to the means provided for her constantly recumbent position, he entitled,

THE INCLINED PLANE;

TO LOUISA.

"I sing the SoFA,"—said the Christian bard,  
When, at the call of friendship, he essay'd  
To give to sober verse a cheerful air;  
Nor did he fail, whilst striving thus to please  
The palate of his friend,—so to combine  
Those apt materials, which his ready mind  
Had ever at command; as to unite,  
With pleasing harmony and chaste design,  
Instruction with delight.

Had I e'er sought acquaintance with "the nine,"  
Or cultivated with assiduous care  
The means that lead to intellectual wealth,  
I would not be penurious.—I would give,  
Especially when challeng'd by the fair,  
Whate'er I had, that profit might impart:—  
But I've not trod the flow'ry path of verse,  
Nor e'er acquired the poet's skilful art  
Of bending thought to measure: Yet, since love  
A multitude of crude defects will hide,

And *thou* my pen hast prompted,—I obey;  
THE INCLIN'D PLANE shall be my willing "Task."

And first, its good construction;—not for show  
But real use designed, each part  
Substantial, fitly fram'd, and firm,  
Gives confidence that nothing will deceive  
The pained hip or the afflicted spine.  
With mattress choice o'erspread, each limb receives  
Its measure of support, and comfort finds:  
Firm yet elastic;—and adjusted too  
With such precision, that a careful touch  
Puts it in equipoise, yields new relief;  
Gives to recumbency a pleasing change;  
The feet may gravitate, the head will rise:—  
By day a sofa, and by night a couch.  
A neighbouring canopy with taste outspread,  
Inviting sleep, befriends the midnight hour;  
Beguiles the weary patient to repose.  
But daylight only can enough display  
Its tasteful cov'ring, curious work of art!  
Emblem of industry and saving care!  
The patchwork counterpane—must needs be prais'd:  
In various combinations here we read  
The wardrobe history of many years;  
And wondering at the taste of other days,  
Complacently take credit for our own.

The picture finish'd,—ere he takes his leave,  
The poet fain would dip his new tried quill  
In sympathetic ink;—not such  
As chemists can compound with magic skill,  
By mystery the senses to deceive;  
But which compassion feels when love inspires;  
Which would not aught withhold of oil or wine,  
To heal the sick or soothe the troubled mind:—  
Such, my Louisa! freely flows for thee.

Forbidden now the joys of other youth—  
The garden's care, the grove's salubrious shade,  
The social visit, and the morning walk;  
What now avails thee? Are thy joys all fled?  
Can aught such innocent delight supply?  
Or fill the void the loss of pleasure makes?  
Methinks I hear Religion's voice reply:  
"The scene, though chang'd and overspread with shade,  
Appalling to the view when first approach'd,  
May, after some meanderings, acquire  
A deeper interest and a brighter hue."

An active mind, in intervals of ease,  
Has much at its command: Reflection, Books,  
The Needle, and the Pen, have fertile stores  
That do not cloy, and will not soon exhaust.  
A Dorcas's imperishable name

Suggests the claims of others on our care;  
And flannel garments to her pattern cut,  
Yield better wages than the tambour frame:  
While taste will furnish many a pleasing task,  
T'employ the hands without perplexing thought.

'Tis pleasure, too, to feel the heart dilate  
With gratitude for kindness others yield:  
To taste the sweets of friendship, and to hold  
Choice intercourse with minds made doubly dear,  
By proof of sterling worth;—and many such,  
Beside thy couch, their constancy have proved.

Of *one* 'twere not invidious to speak,  
Whose unremitted and unwearied care  
T'anticipate thy wants—thy spirits cheer—  
And reconcile thee to thy present lot—  
Gives ample evidence of steadfast love.  
Stock of the good Samaritans! she feels  
The tender sympathy that spares no pains;  
Shares in thy solitude—and condescends  
T'impart the treasures of a well stor'd mind.


Books will amuse thee—History's page delight,  
With many a pleasing panoramic view  
Of distant scenery, and of other times:  
But may thy comfort chiefly be deriv'd



From that **BEST BOOK**, the **BIBLE**.—Early taught  
Enriching portions of its Sacred page,  
Hast thou not felt the wisdom it inspires?  
Thy feet directed up Religion's slope,  
Has not thy heart its tender influence felt?  
And, glowing, seen a glimmering in the east,\*  
The "Day-Star" risen, and the "dawning day"?

This Light thy guide! a Saviour's Name thy guard!  
Nothing shall separate from Love Divine:  
"These light afflictions," naught will be esteem'd—  
Compar'd with "glory yet to be reveal'd"—  
Sent but to purify from nature's dross,  
Or to restrain from some unnotic'd snare.  
Meek Resignation bows beneath the stroke,  
Marks every mercy with attentive eye,  
And, best esteeming that which most refines,  
With gratitude unfeign'd, in secret owns:  
"For all I bless Thee! most for the severe."

*1st month, 19th, 1822.*



The spring of 1822 being now far advanced, and  
the season remarkably fine, it seemed desirable our  
dear girl should enjoy the benefit and gratification

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\* Matt. ii. 2.

of the open air, and a new Plane was constructed for her, placed upon wheels, with the addition of springs to render it easy ; which was so light as to be drawn by hand without difficulty ; it answered the purpose of a couch by day and night, as well as for drawing her into the garden and the adjacent grounds of her dear grandfather. Though strictly confined to one posture, she enjoyed the comfort of sound sleep by night ; and her blooming and animated countenance had the appearance of perfect health, and excited the surprise of strangers. But the local complaint was far from subdued, either in the hip or spine ; and being persuaded in her own mind that rest alone would not effect a cure, she was desirous that some active means should be tried ; and our surgeon recommended a seton on each side the spine, which, though a severe operation, she bore with great fortitude.

She now occupied a parlour below stairs, in which she spent much the greater part of the remainder of her life, and was particularly attached to her apartment ; indeed her cheerful disposition, united to a growing sense, that it was both her duty and her interest to seek after resignation to the Divine will, enabled her, instead of repining at what she was deprived of, to derive much consolation and happiness, from the outward blessings that were

still within her reach ; and next to the society of her relatives and friends, the garden, during this beautiful summer, afforded her great enjoyment ; until an ague, caught, it was supposed, by venturing out too soon after a shower, greatly impaired her health, and for several months baffled medical treatment ; but did not quite confine her to the house till the approach of winter.

Our dear daughter manifested early in life a desire for improvement, which made it a pleasure to instruct her ; and though some studies proper to her age had been interrupted by this afflictive dispensation, she was desirous of employing her time in useful and improving occupations.

Reading was of course a principal one, to which knitting and drawing were added ; but she was not particularly fond of the latter, and when she had acquired a ready use of the needle in her new position, she laid aside the pencil, except as a substitute for the pen. A list which she kept of the books she read during the first few years of her confinement, shows the variety as well as number of the works she perused. She was very partial to biography ; and she entered with great interest into treatises relating to the cause of benevolence and the public good. But whatever was the subject,

her mind not being diverted from it, by either the cares or changes which fall to the lot of those who are capable of active employment, and her memory being good, she could easily retain and concentrate what she had read ; which enabled her to give, in a concise manner, much of the substance of a book, to those who had less leisure to read for themselves.

After her brother's return from school in 1823, she was desirous of becoming a little acquainted with the Greek language ; but as he had not made much progress in it, and was too much taken up with other pursuits to prosecute this study, she applied herself to it without any further help, than getting him to hear her repeat some parts of the grammar, &c. and she persevered in this task, with a little previous knowledge of Latin, and the aid of Parkhurst and Schrevelius's Lexicons, till she was able to translate the Gospel of John, which she went through twice, before she attempted any other portion of the Testament ; and in this way proceeded with the remaining books, never allowing herself to enter upon a fresh book or epistle, till she had twice read the preceeding one. She did not grow weary of the pursuit ; but on the contrary became increasingly interested in it, though she was frequently compelled to suspend her studies for a time, on account of the state of her health, which,

sometimes from inflammatory, and at others from nervous attacks, which seemed to arise spontaneously in the habit, and required different, perhaps opposite treatment, repeatedly brought her very low; yet patience and cheerful submission appeared to mark every stage of her complicated trial; and this disposition of mind not only greatly endeared her to her family and friends, but very much alleviated her own sufferings; and we cannot doubt tended to bring down a Divine blessing.

During the summer of 1824, we spent about two months at Aldborough, with a hope that our dear invalid would derive benefit from the sea air. The change was an agreeable one to her; and the weather being favourable, rendered the fine sea views which that small place affords, very delightful; yet she did not gain ground as we had hoped, and was quite disposed to return at the time we had first fixed; nor did any of us think we should be sufficiently compensated for a longer privation of the comforts of home.

By the following extracts from some of her letters to an intimate friend, it appears evident that the good seed the Great Husbandman had been pleased to sow in her youthful mind, had begun to take root, and even to bring forth some fruit to the

praise of the glory of His grace ; and which became, under His culturing hand, still more mature and abundant, until it was perfected in due season for the heavenly garner.

In the 4th month, 1822, being in the sixteenth year of her age, she wrote thus :

“ I still stand in need of a great deal of patience ; but I hope my stock of this valuable material does not decrease, which is a great favour.”

And in the 9th month of the same year :

“ I doubt not the situation in which I am now placed is best for me, and ordered in wisdom by Him who afflicteth not willingly ; and I trust I can say with some degree of feeling, that I have found ‘ it is good for me to be afflicted.’ ”

Aldborough, 16th of 8th month, 1824.

“ I cannot help feeling at times a good deal discouraged, though sometimes enabled to feel I am in His hands who doeth all things well ; and therefore I must not, I cannot repine :—these feelings, though but seldom attained to, call for humble gratitude and thanksgiving, unto Him who is the Father of Mercies, and God of all comfort.”

The following was without date :

“ I feel a good deal discouraged in the prospect of having caustic applied to-morrow ; but it does not seem prudent to defer it longer. I really feel unequal to undergoing the suffering ;—but when I consider how graciously I have been strengthened to bear the present trial, I ought not to doubt being supported. For several days, two very encouraging passages of Scripture have been present to my mind : ‘ As thy day is, so shall thy strength be ; ’ and ‘ My strength is made perfect in weakness.’ It is an inexpressible favour to be thus encouraged ! ”

In a letter to another correspondent, bearing date 2nd month, 1825, after expressing how reluctantly she had parted with some beloved relatives, our dear L. adds : “ But perhaps a little relaxation from company is beneficial to both body and mind ; at least I believe it is so for me. I so highly enjoy the society of my friends, that I feel I am in danger of looking too much to them for comfort, and of forgetting that there is One *only* who can support in the needful time.”

In the summer of 1826, we removed our dear daughter to Harwich, a place which afforded

greater facility for going on the water, and which we hoped might tend in some degree to invigorate her ; as from the heat of the weather and a severe stomach affection, her remaining strength was much impaired. After her return she wrote as follows : 9th month, 1826. " I have still much to be thankful for ; and though it will feel a disappointment that I am not able to bear a little increase of exertion, yet at times I am enabled to feel, that the exact state I am in must be the best, because ordered by a Wisdom which cannot err."

The two following, written during 1827, show in what light our dear daughter viewed her sufferings, and how anxious she was that the design of her Heavenly Father in thus afflicting her, might be answered ; being happily made sensible that His will *is*, our sanctification.

" I do consider I have been particularly privileged, in having been kept out of the way of many snares and temptations, incident to others at my time of life, and in having such opportunities for meditation and self-examination ; that I feel I have much to answer for in not having more profited by my—shall I say, afflictions—or blessings ? the latter term I feel to be most correct : that the future *may* be better spent is, I trust, my earnest desire ; and I believe it is thine for me."



In another she says :

“ I have not heard of much benefit being derived by our friends who have been trying change of air this summer ; ” and then naming some of whom we had had intelligence, she adds : “ thus we see we can none of us run away from our infirmities ; may we then endeavour to seek for resignation to them, and the sanctification of them ; then shall we indeed have cause to adopt the language of the psalmist : ‘ It is good for me that I have been afflicted.’ This has been the experience of *many* in every age, and will continue to be. O ! that I may be one of that happy number ! ”

By the short extract from the letter after her return from Harwich, it will be seen that our precious invalid did not derive from *this*, any more than from the previous means adopted for her relief, any material benefit ; and from this time, and during the following winter, she became greatly reduced in flesh and strength ; and had it not been for the unremitting attentions of her skilful apothecary, and the tender care which every branch of her family took a pleasure in rendering her, it is probable her exhausted frame would soon have sunk, under the prevalence of some symptoms which

could not be removed, and which were calculated to undermine a constitution much more robust than hers ; and it was evident she did not herself expect to rally again, in the manner in which, through the Divine blessing upon our endeavours, she afterwards did, for a time.

The summer of 1827 proved very salubrious to our dear invalid, the weather being so settled that she was able to be a great deal in the open air, and to see, and enjoy the company of, many of her friends. Although she began the winter under somewhat more encouraging auspices than the preceding one, yet she did not herself apprehend the amendment would be permanent ; but we have reason to believe that, like the wise virgins in the parable, she was concerned that her vessel might be so replenished with holy oil, that whenever the solemn midnight cry should be heard : " Behold ! the Bridegroom cometh," she might be prepared to trim her lamp and go forth to meet Him. She intimated at times, and particularly when her cough again increased, attended with great difficulty of breathing, that she thought she could not last long ; but spoke of every symptom that marked the decay of nature with the utmost composure. She once said : " Mine is a stomach which will not do much more active service ;" and at another time, when labouring

under palpitation of the heart: "My heart will soon wear itself out." Through all, her natural cheerfulness did not forsake her; and she was so desirous of being usefully employed, that, till the last week of her life, she was engaged in working, either for the poor or some part of her own family.

So gradual was the progress of her deeply seated disorder, that it was not till the last few weeks of her life, that we apprehended the termination of her course was really approaching; nor did we then foresee it was quite so near as it proved to be; which has since been a source of regret, as it is probable, had our precious child perceived her own apprehensions of speedy dissolution confirmed by ours, she would more fully have disclosed the state of her mind at that important juncture; yet it was evident she was often deeply exercised; and her patience under the increasing pressure of disease was indeed very remarkable: on one occasion, when struggling with a paroxysm of nervous suffering, which it was distressing to witness, I expressed a desire that it might soon be removed; when she meekly replied: "If it be right—but perhaps it is sent to wean me."

As she drew nearer to the heavenly inheritance, she appeared to be so much impressed with a sense

of the purity which was requisite to appear before God; that notwithstanding the blameless tenor of her past life, and that she had, in the furnace of affliction, been much purified from the dross of nature; she expressed very humbling views of herself, and was at times discouraged on comparing her experience with that of some others, who had been favoured eminently to partake of the joy of God's salvation, and the peace which passeth understanding; and it led her to close searching of heart. She said: "Pray that I may not be taken before I am prepared;" and once sent for me in the night to express the tried state of her mind; remarking, that she should not regard lying awake if she could enjoy what some had done, naming one individual in particular. But it seemed that poverty of mind was one of the trials which Infinite Wisdom saw meet to dispense; and the blessing pronounced by our Lord upon the "poor in spirit," has, we have good ground to believe, been also bestowed upon her, and has abundantly made up for this, and every other trial.

I was called to her early in the morning of the 16th of 3rd month, 1828, in consequence of a return of sickness, which after a while subsided; and her brother who had been called to assist in supporting her, being retired to bed, she said, as I

was sitting by her : “ I don’t know whether I am faint, or whether I am drowsy.” The expression immediately impressed me with the apprehension that dissolution was approaching ; and I desired her father might be called ; and, on his entering, I was about to leave the room to summons her brother and her cousin, Sophia Alexander, to her bed side ; when she was so aware of my anticipations, that she said, as I left the room : “ I think the change will not be just yet,” adding, “ I believe we shall be supported.”

Soon after her brother and cousin entered, she uttered the following short ejaculations, with great solemnity : “ Lord Jesus, have mercy on me !”—“ Lay not my sins to my charge !”—“ Drive me not from Calvary !”—“ Prepare my faithful Esther \* to meet me in heaven ;” and after a little pause, added—“ to make one happy family.” And with the greatest composure said : “ I think it should not be long before the doctor is sent for ; not that he can do me any good, but I think it is due to him.” Upon his arrival she answered his enquiries with great clearness ; and, after taking something he offered her, said : “ Am I dying ? I should

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\* The servant who nursed her in infancy, and attended her through her long illness, by night and day.

like to know." A little pause took place before a reply was made, when her father intimated that he thought she would soon be released.

Soon after this, she made some allusion to the passage in *Hos.* xiv. 4. "I will heal thy backslidings and love thee freely;" but was imperfectly understood. She then requested to have her couch raised, which her dear father quite believed was with an intention of expressing something more; but the moment of departure was come; and, clasping her hands, she calmly said: "One struggle more!" A slight convulsion almost immediately succeeded; she closed her eyes—and in a few seconds ceased to breathe. A precious solemnity attended; and the belief which our dying child expressed, that we should be supported, was indeed realized far beyond our expectations. Our kind and sympathizing relatives and friends soon gathered round us; and on the following First-day, the twenty-third, her dear remains were attended to the grave, by a large number of our friends and neighbours: the meeting on the occasion was solemn and instructive, the Truths of the Gospel being livingly declared amongst us.

Although we cannot but deeply feel the loss of her endearing society; yet, believing that our dear

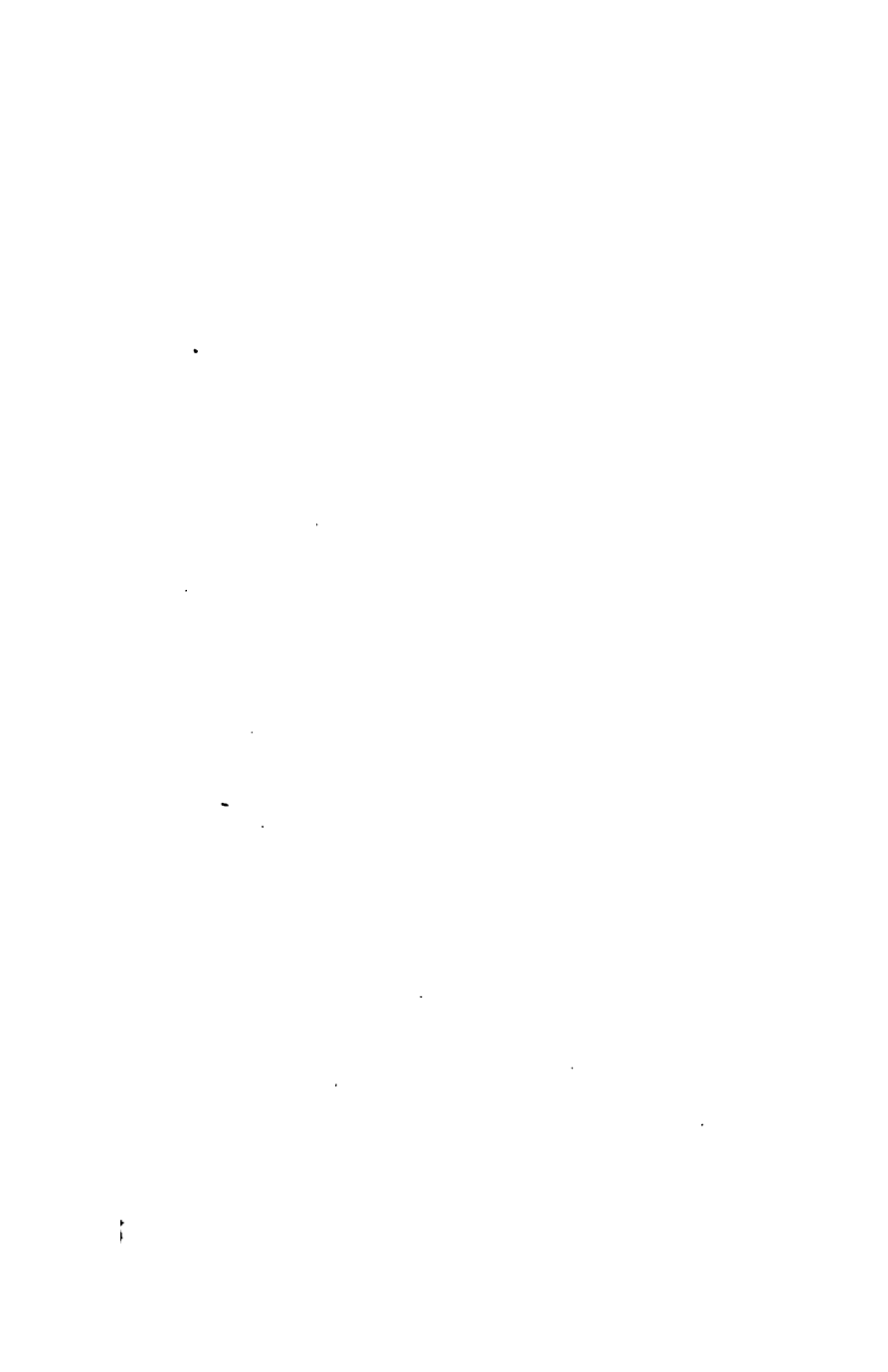
child has experienced a happy deliverance from the trials of time, and joined the blessed company of redeemed spirits, whose robes are washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb, we have been enabled to resign this precious part of our earthly treasure, without repining at the stroke; and I cannot better express my own feelings, than by quoting a short paragraph from a letter my husband wrote soon after, to a near relation, whose sister, a valuable young woman, was near her end, and in a favoured state of mind: "My own recent loss seems to have qualified me to say, that death under such circumstances is deprived of much of its gloom;—the tear which nature sheds under such bereavments, though big with affection, has not the bitterness of impassioned sorrow; conscious that to such—'to die is gain,' acquiescence settles in the persuasion, that He who hath conducted the refining process, doeth all things well."

Before introducing some extracts from a series of memorandums, found amongst my dear Louisa's papers, which strikingly exhibit the ardour of her soul, during the latter part of her life, in the pursuit of the "One thing needful," that treasure which our Lord declared, concerning Mary, should never be taken from her; it may not be improper to observe, as it will serve a little farther to

delineate her character, that she very deeply felt the claims which those who are destitute of the knowledge of the Gospel, have upon such as have long enjoyed its blessed privileges ; and she not only voluntarily contributed her mite during her life time, but bequeathed a considerable part of the *little* property she had at her disposal, in aid of the funds for educating the heathen in the principles of the Christian religion, and for promoting education in Ireland.

Her mother likewise feels that she should not be doing her justice if she were not to notice, that she was much more inclined to expend, in her life time, the little she had of her own, in acts of benevolence, than on any selfish gratification ; and although she liked to be *neat*, she was, from principle, averse to any thing expensive or superfluous in her apparel. She was never uneasy if she was not attired to advantage when unexpectedly called upon by her friends and acquaintance ; and received all, who manifested their kindness for her in that way, with an affability which insured their esteem—and her particular friends, with a cordiality peculiarly endearing.





## EXTRACTS FROM MEMORANDUMS.



9th of 4th month, 1826.

Yesterday was a time of considerable exercise to my mind, and I wish to note it down, that it may prove a stimulus to me, by reminding me of what I then felt. In the morning, I was forcibly impressed with the subject of neglecting my Bible; I so seldom looked into it, and when I did, it seemed a sealed book to me; and with the hope of quieting my conscience, I said within myself: "*To-morrow I will begin to read my Bible more frequently.*" I had but just formed this resolution in my own strength, when that awful passage—"Thou fool! this night thy soul shall be required of thee," darted with uncommon force into my mind. I could not shake it off; and I earnestly desired that I might lose no time in seeking my soul's salvation: and whilst thinking upon this serious subject, the

language—"Trust in the Lord for ever; for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength," arose in my mind; and I felt much comforted by it.\*

The parable of the barren fig-tree was forcibly brought to recollection, and the awful sentence, "Cut it down, why cumbereth it the ground?" seemed almost as if applied to myself; and the petition to bear with it awhile longer seemed raised. I felt a belief that it would be granted; and I trust an earnest desire that the time, thus in unbounded mercy bestowed, should not be lost; but that much fruit might be brought forth, to the glory of the great and good Husbandman.

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\* Lest any should infer greater remissness in attention to the Holy Scriptures, on the part of our dear girl, than was really the case, it may be proper to remark, that the family reading daily took place in her room, unless she was more than usually unwell, or we had such visitors as we could not suitably introduce into her apartment at so early an hour; but we have reason to believe that she brought her omissions and commissions to the true touchstone, and was sensible that something was "wanting which could not be numbered;" and I have no doubt she became increasingly diligent in the study of them, and found the advantage of it. Her Bible was almost constantly upon her bed; and the marker being left at the forty-second Psalm, there is reason to believe this was the last portion she read; and it was remarkably applicable to what, from some of her expressions, it was evident was, at that time, the state of her mind.

In the evening I seemed to feel the reality of that sweet text which dear I. M—— had, a short time previously, reminded me of: "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee." The sweet quietness I felt was what I was quite unworthy of, and called for humble gratitude and praise.

Upon retiring to rest, I again felt much discouraged, and seemed almost as if I must have sent for my dear mother, to tell her the state of my mind; but thought perhaps it was best to keep under the feeling I then had, and not look outwardly for help. The only aspiration I could raise was: "Lord Jesus, have mercy on me!" and an ever compassionate and merciful Saviour, I trust, heard my cry, though offered in silence; and is now waiting to be gracious unto me, if I do but cast myself entirely upon Him. It is only through the intercession of our dear Redeemer, that I can hope for the forgiveness of my manifold sins; but I desire to cast myself at His feet, and to be taught of Him.

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*1st of 10th month, 1826.*

Twenty years have now rolled over my head since I entered this world, a helpless infant. What

mercies have I in that time experienced ! Every year has been crowned with blessings innumerable. I am now permitted to enter another year, whilst many much stronger, and capable of being more useful than myself, have been laid in the silent grave. Oh ! how have I improved the lengthened space ? Conscience acknowledges—not as I ought. Though I have at times felt, I trust, earnest desires that the inner man might grow stronger and stronger, I have been so neglectful of “watching unto prayer,” that my good desires have, I fear, often vanished as the morning cloud and early dew. I know not what to pray for as I ought, and frequently feel as if I could not even crave to be taught ; but O ! that I may henceforward cast myself at the footstool of a prayer-hearing God, and there wait in deep humility, trusting the Holy Spirit will make intercession for me, “with groanings which cannot be uttered.” I know that no prayer or praise offered without His assistance, can be acceptable in the Divine sight ; and often feel a fear of getting away from my Heavenly Teacher ; and instead of waiting, in an humble, dependent state, for instruction, have allowed trifling thoughts to enter, and then found myself in a more burdened state than before. Wandering thoughts, indeed, seem my besetting sin ! Oh ! Merciful Father ! permit me reverently to approach thy mercy seat,

and plead the righteousness of Thy Dear Son Christ Jesus, who died for me on the cross, that through His merits I may be pardoned, and in His blood have my transgressions blotted out! Oh! teach me by Thy Holy Spirit what Thou wouldst have me to be, and enable me to do and suffer Thy whole will! Make my heart a temple fit for Thee to dwell in; and enable me to give myself up unreservedly unto Thee, that my meat and drink may be to do Thy holy will! Oh! let me not be a cumberer of the ground; but willing to serve Thee in that way which will most conduce to the honour of Thy great and glorious Name! O! then, may I begin this new year of my life with a surrender of my own will and inclinations, and gladly receive whatever Thou seest meet to appoint; knowing Thou wilt do all things well.

“Sun of Righteousness! arise!

Warm *my* heart; and bless *my* eyes.

Let *my* prayer Thy bowels move;

Make this year a time of love.”

This birth-day has, like the four preceding ones, been spent on my couch. My health is now so much impaired that a change of posture is very trying, although my right hip is so much relieved as to make it seem desirable.

We have this summer spent nearly five weeks very pleasantly at Harwich, a place to which I became much more attached than I expected. I had the opportunity of enjoying many sweet excursions on the water, which I think were beneficial; and though I brought all my infirmities home with me, we had no cause to regret having fixed upon Harwich for a short residence.

Although I seldom leave my mattress for more than one or two hours in the day, the time feels to pass very rapidly; and I believe few have a larger portion of enjoyment; for this apparently bitter cup has had such a large proportion of sweets added to it, that it has been rendered more than *palatable*; indeed I am sometimes ready to fear I op not feel it as I ought, a chastening sent to wean me from the world, and to fix my affections on things above. O! that my treasure may be laid up "in heaven, where neither moth nor rust can corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal; *for where the treasure is, there will the heart be also.*"

---

31st of 12th month, 1826.

Again another year has rolled away, and calls upon me to enquire of myself what has become of it; what good have I done by my life being

prolonged another year? and how much more prepared am I for that awful change, which, sooner or later, awaits me, and which every day brings nearer? Oh! what can I answer? The many unwatchful hours I have spent speak loudly to me; and the many mercies unacknowledged, seem almost to say, How canst thou hope for more? but I have indeed a long-suffering and merciful God, who has at divers times during this year, in gracious condescension, visited my mind, and encouraged me to trust in Him at all times, to resign myself wholly to Him, and to believe, that "whosoever cometh unto Him, He will in no wise cast out."

But what has most tried me has been an incapacity to love my Saviour, who has done so much for me. How strange that I can be so ungrateful to Him who left his glory in heaven, lived in poverty in the world, and submitted to death, even the death of the cross, that He might redeem us from all iniquity; and that we might obtain an inheritance in His glorious kingdom!

If any earthly friend expresses a love for me, and seems interested in my welfare, my love flows in return; how ought it then to burn within me, when I think of Him who has loved me, and *given Himself for me!*



O blessed Jesus ! renew this sinful heart, and give me a heart to feel and love Thee as I ought; show me what Thou wouldst have me to be, and enable me to keep my eye singly to Thee. O ! grant me a spirit of grace and of supplication, that through the assistance and direction of the Holy Spirit, I may offer acceptable praises unto Thee, who alone art worthy !

“ Assist me, I pray, to lament  
The sins of the year that is past;  
And grant that the next may be spent,  
*Far more* to Thy praise than the last.”

Thou alone knowest whether I shall see the end of the year upon which we are now entering; but, I beseech Thee, enable me to make such use of my time, as that every day may find me more and more prepared for an entrance into thy kingdom of rest and peace. I have nothing to trust to but Thy righteousness, in which I desire to be clothed; and, through the shedding of Thy precious blood, I trust that my manifold sins and backslidings may be forgiven.

I have, during the past year, experienced blessings innumerable; my confinement has not only been made easy, but a large share of enjoyment has

attended it. My stomach affection is not entirely removed, but I have certainly gained strength in the last three months; and my friends and doctor seem ready to anticipate that the time is approaching, when I may be able to do more like other people: but I find it best for myself not to anticipate any thing, but to live one day at a time, trusting that He who has hitherto supported, will not leave me; and having committed myself into His hands, I desire calmly to receive whatever He sees meet to send, and humbly to say: "The will of the Lord be done!"

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*21st of 1st month, 1827.*

This day the remains of my dear cousin M. A. M. are consigned to the silent tomb. She departed this life on the 14th instant, after an illness of nearly twelve months' duration, in the 22nd year of her age; and we humbly trust she is mercifully removed from the trials and temptations of time, to the never-ending joys of eternity.

In the last stage of her illness, she was favoured to see the necessity of having her sins washed away in the blood of the Lamb; and that it was in the Lord alone she must place her confidence; and,

after considerable conflict, she was favoured to feel a good degree of peace, saying : " I know I have a gracious Redeemer." She had, through the greater part of her illness, appeared much resigned ; and her sufferings during the latter part of her time, from extreme weakness, were such as to make her long to be released ; but we have the comfort of believing, that her sufferings were a means for her purification, and that she will bless and praise a merciful Father through all eternity, for having laid his chastening hand upon her.

Her loss will be very great to her dear father and sister, who have watched her with unceasing attention through her long confinement, and who will now find a void which nothing can supply. May He, who in inscrutable wisdom has thus seen meet to take from them a beloved object, sanctify this bereavement, and make it an incitement to her beloved father, sister, and brothers, to aspire after an inheritance with her, in those mansions, which, through the sacrifice of a blessed Redeemer, are prepared for those who love and serve Him.

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*30th of 9th month, 1827.*

**FIRST-DAY EVENING.**

Before I enter upon another year of my life, let me for a while pause, and commemorate the mercies of the past year, and enter into a close examination of the manner in which it has been spent; mourn over the many unwatchful hours and neglected opportunities of benefit, and humbly crave protection and guidance for the future.

O! may I not write any thing but the sincere desires of my soul; and may they be stimulated and directed by that Holy Spirit, who sees the inmost recesses of the heart, and knows what we stand in need of.

“Intercessor! thron’d on high,  
Unto man thy aid supply;  
By thy influence still prepare  
Humble hearts for holy prayer!

“Lend to my infirmities,  
Living help which grace supplies;  
Thou alone canst teach alway,  
What to pray for—how to pray.

O Holy and Merciful Father! enable me to bow in spirit before Thy mercy-seat, and crave of Thee entire resignation to Thy will, and the sanctification of all Thy dispensations; that Thou wilt make me what Thou wouldst have me to be, and enable me to do and suffer all thy holy will, in any way which may tend to the exaltation of thy great and glorious Name. O! animate my cold heart with love to Thee, and give me clearer view of the great price paid for my redemption, and of the unbounded gratitude and obedience which is called for from me. And I humbly desire that Thou wilt mercifully condescend to be with me, and keep me through the year upon which I am now entering; and that every day may find me more prepared for that awful change, which, sooner or later, awaits me.

“I come to Thee, my Gracious God!  
For grace to bow beneath thy rod;  
To acquiesce in all thy will,  
And learn the important word—*Be still.*”

“Thou seest my feeble frame oppress;  
In vain my spirit sighs for rest;  
But, Lord! perform thy holy will,  
And teach my spirit to *be still.*”

"Thou knowst how wayward is my mind,  
While all thy ways are just and kind;  
O! make me love thy holy will,  
And bid thy servant to *be still*."

S. L.

---

2nd of 10th month, 1827.

I have now spent six birth-days on my couch; whether the next may be spent in the same way, or whether I may be restored to more active life, or laid in the silent grave, is known only to Him who orders all things well; and if in unmerited condescension He will be with me, all, I trust, will be alike welcome.

In the spring of this year, I was brought, apparently, very near to the gates of death; but my Heavenly Father saw meet again to invigorate my sinking frame; and for the last few months I have evidently been gaining strength: and if it is consistent with His holy will that I should be restored to health, may my days be devoted to serving Him; and may I be made a comfort and help to my beloved parents in their declining years; and return

them the attention and solicitude I have received : but if otherwise ordered, may we be supported under the severe stroke of separation, and have the consoling belief that we shall meet in heaven, never more to part.

I have been able much to enjoy the pleasant summer of this year, and have been much in the open air ; which has been very grateful and beneficial. I still leave my mattress very little, seldom for more than two hours in the day, my stomach being so weak as to make a change of posture very difficult. The complaint in my back and hips seems very much overcome, and should my health be favoured to continue improving, I trust I may, by persevering, get more able to bear an upright posture, and do a little more like other people.

---

*1st of 1st month, 1828.*

“Time by moments steals away,  
First the hour and then the day;  
Small the daily loss appears,  
But it soon amounts to years.”

Another year has now rolled over our heads, and is passed away for ever ! What use have I made

of it? Oh my soul! well mayst thou shrink from the scrutiny: how many opportunities not improved! How many favours forgotten! How many invitations neglected! And yet still spared, a monument of long-suffering mercy! I feel no liberty in prayer, not even the power to pray for it; I do not feel the exceeding sinfulness of sin, and therefore cannot properly estimate the *great price* paid for the redemption of fallen man; indeed this language has often felt applicable:

“The rocks can rend, the earth can quake;  
The sea can roar, the mountains shake;  
Of feeling all things show some sign,  
But this unfeeling heart of mine.

“Eternal Spirit! Mighty God!  
Do Thou apply a Saviour's blood;  
'Tis His rich blood, and *His alone*,  
Can move and melt this heart of stone.”

But I must acknowledge, that notwithstanding all this rebellion, my Heavenly Father has, in unbounded love and mercy, at various times during the past year, visited my mind, and showed me the sweet peace which would follow an entire resignation of all to Him. How strange then that I still resist! O! may I become as clay in the hands of the potter!



O Holy Father! Thou hast in unutterable mercy, awakened desires in my heart to follow after Thee. Accept, I pray Thee! the entire surrender of my will and affections unto Thee. Of myself I can do nothing; but all things through Christ strengthening me. O! permit me not, in any way, to disgrace Thy great and glorious cause; but enable me to do or suffer, in whatever way will most promote Thy kingdom and glory. And, O Blessed Saviour! animate my heart with love to Thee; wash away my sins in thy precious blood, and shed down thy Holy Spirit on my heart, that my understanding may be opened, and that I may live to thy praise!

O! that the year upon which I am now entering, may bring forth more fruit than the preceding one.

I have been favoured during the last six months to experience a very decided improvement in my health; should this be permitted to continue, it will be cause for devout thankfulness, and may my increasing strength be dedicated to the service of Him who hath hitherto dealt so bountifully with me: but I desire not to look forward too much: life is uncertain to all; and I have frequently sunk so low during the winter season, that it hardly

ned probable I should recruit, and perhaps this  
ter may prove my last. Be that as it may, I  
re to keep always in view *that* time which  
t sooner or later arrive, and a preparation for  
ch is the *all-important* work of our lives. O  
my life may be spared till that is accomplished!



## APPENDIX :

CONTAINING POEMS WRITTEN ON OCCASION OF HER  
DECEASE, &c.

---

The following Poems from the pen of her valued relative Bernard Barton, seem to claim insertion here.—The first was a spontaneous expression of his sympathy, written about a week before her death; but it had not been sent when the intelligence reached him of her final close, which induced him to write the additional lines, entitled a Postscript.

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### STANZAS TO AN INVALID.

"They also *serve*, who only *stand* and *wait*."

MILTON.

---

Noble and elevating thought!  
And worthy of his honour'd name,  
Whose page, with manly wisdom fraught,  
Hath won his memory deathless fame:

Whose muse, ascending far from earth,  
As if upborne on angel wings,  
Has given to glorious visions birth,  
And sung unutterable things:

Who, though his eyes were veil'd in night,  
Nor might fair nature's charms survey,  
Within his soul had sunless light,  
And walked in mind's unclouded day.

Why speak of such an one to *thee*?  
Thine is a lowly sufferer's part;  
My motto shall my answer be,  
O ! may it animate thy heart.


If they "who only stand and wait"  
May "serve" the Lord their God on high,  
Think not thy weak and helpless state  
No worthy offering can supply.

Though to one narrow sphere confin'd  
Thou in thy youth's best bloom hast been,  
Yet thine has been no slothful mind,  
That sphere no uninstrusive scene.

If meekly strengthen'd from above,  
Thou by long-suffering hast been taught  
A Father's chastening hand to love,  
And think of Him with grateful thought;

If gentle cheerfulness in pain  
And weakness, silently can teach;  
Believe not thou hast liv'd in vain,  
Nor mourn that thus thy life should preach.

For this to do, and this to bear,  
Requires far more than strength of nerve;  
And those a rich reward shall share,  
Who *thus by meek endurance "SERVE!"*



## A POSTSCRIPT

TO SOME VERSES ADDRESSED TO AN INVALID.

---

I said thou hadst not lived in vain !

But little thought how soon

Thy soul would break its earthly chain,

And claim its heavenly boon.

Has then thy death untaught the lore,

Or weaken'd the appeal,

Thy suffering life enforc'd before ?—

'Tis but their solemn seal !

That life might eloquently preach

To thought's attentive ear ;

But death, e'en death like thine, should teach,

And bid the thoughtless hear.

Though patiently beside thy couch

Death waited long for thee,

Can these with vain presumption vouch,


That such *their* lot shall be ?

Though thou through Mercy wert prepar'd  
To meet thy change sublime ;—  
May these, if like thee they be spar'd,  
Like thee improve their time!

Thou hast not liv'd in vain, if now,  
Releas'd from mortal strife,  
Thou wear'st on thy immortal brow,  
The crown of endless life.

But O! may those who wish to wear  
Thy *crown*, be taught to see,  
How they their daily *cross* must bear,  
And kiss the rod like thee.

That life was *not* bestow'd in vain,  
Which thus hath testified ;  
And, if thy death these truths maintain—  
Long as thy memory shall remain,  
Thou hast not *vainly died*.





STANZAS WRITTEN AFTER THE FUNERAL.

---

We laid thee in thy narrow bed ;  
But meek and humble faith  
Brighten'd the tears by sorrow shed,  
And triumph'd over death.

We stood beside thy silent grave ;  
But holy hope was near,  
And told of ONE, whose grace could save,  
Whose love could cast out fear.

The Gospel tidings of HIS love,  
His blood's atoning power,  
Proclaim'd with unction from above,  
Had solemniz'd that hour.

And well thy life and peaceful end,  
Both with instruction fraught,  
With such solemnity might blend,  
And waken grateful thought.

We dar'd not give the praise to thee  
Or virtues of thine own ;  
The grateful thought, the bended knee,  
Were due to God alone !

Though pure thy life, and calm its close,  
More pure, more calm than most ;  
On these our hopes might not repose,  
Nor make of such their boast.

For we were taught that thou hadst need,  
*All merit* to disclaim—  
A dying Saviour's blood to plead,  
And trust his Cross and Name !

These were thy Refuge ; and in them  
Thy peace and joy were found ;  
The crown of thorns thy diadem !  
Mount Calvary hallow'd ground !

Hence came that pure and soothing calm,  
Which round thy grave was given ;  
And hence those drops of healing balm  
To hearts by anguish riven.

Farewell ! belov'd and gentle one !  
Farewell !—and O ! may we,  
Viewing what God for thee has done,  
Learn from the Spirit of his Son,  
To live and die like thee !



THE FOLLOWING INSTRUCTIVE LINES, IN REFERENCE TO ONE OF HER DYING EXPRESSIONS, WERE WRITTEN A FEW DAYS AFTER HER BURIAL, BY ANOTHER OF HER INTIMATE FRIENDS.

---

“O! drive me not from Calvary!”  
Her dying lips implor’d,  
Whilst cloth’d with deep humility,  
She rose to meet her LORD.

Peace! gentle spirit! richly blest!  
Thy Lord’s approach with joy behold;  
HE comes to give the weary rest;—  
To guide thee to His fold.

Here thou wast a probationer,  
And patiently hast trod,  
The varied path of pain and care,  
Appointed by thy God.  
And oft arose the silent prayer,  
That He would strengthen thee to bear,  
With meek, submissive, filial air,  
The salutary rod.

And now, refin'd and freed from dross,  
And from the silver's tinsel charms—  
The furnace of affliction past—  
He calls thee to His arms!

Oh! fearful the solemnity,  
When, bidding earth adieu,  
The portals of eternity,  
Expand before the view;  
Unveiling to the spirit's eye,  
The throne of Perfect Purity!  
When, by that pure, unflattering Light,  
Which issues from the Throne,  
Self-righteousness is put to flight,  
And all self-love is gone;  
Then, SAVIOUR! how we need the dress,  
Of robes of purest righteousness,  
Obtain'd through THEE alone!

And thou didst well, dear saint, to cling,  
With earnest hope and reverent fear,  
To that blest Mount, whose living spring  
Was wont thy soul to cheer.  
Full well thou knewest this to be  
The Christian's dearest, strongest plea—  
“My SAVIOUR suffered here!”

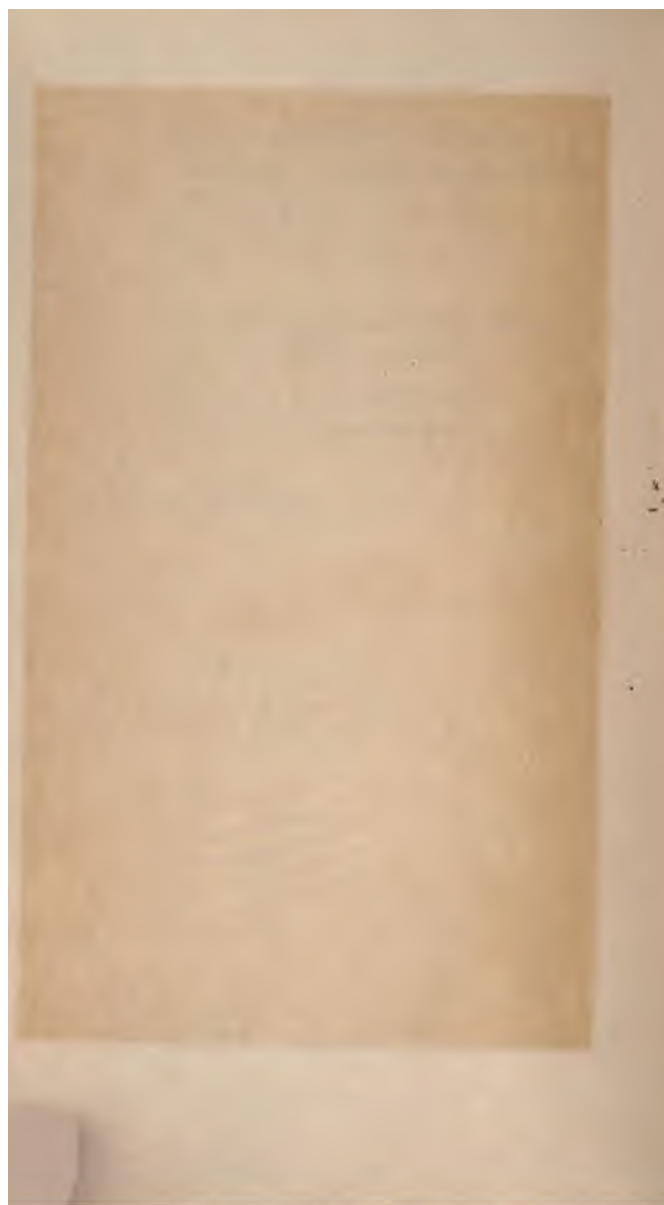
Calvary ! thy hallow'd boundary gives  
Strength to the humble Christian's prayer.  
The sinner flies to thee and lives !  
He cannot perish there.

Lord ! grant, when summon'd to our rest,  
We may on THEE alone rely,  
And own our own unworthiness;  
And wait for Heaven on Calvary.

*26th of 3rd month, 1828.*

THE END.





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